

# B U M M - F O D E R

O R,

## V V A S T E - P A P E R

January 31. 1659

Proper to wipe the Nation's RUMP with, or your Own.

**F**ree quarter in the North is grown so scarce,  
That *Lambert* with all his men of *Mars*,  
Have submitted to kiss the Parliaments Arse,  
Which no body can deny.

If this should prove true, (as we do suppose)  
Tis such a wife as the RUMP and all's Foes  
Could never give to old *Ossuers* nose :  
*Which, &c.*

Theres a Proverb come to my mind not unfit,  
When the head shal see the RUMP all be-shit,  
Sure this must prove a most lucky hit :  
*Which &c.*

Theres another Proverb which every Noddy  
Wil jeer the RUMP with, and cry *Hoddy Doddy*,  
Here's a Parliament all Arse and no Body.  
*Which &c.*

Tis a likely matter the world wil mend,  
When so much blood and treasure we spend,  
And yet begin again at the wrong End:  
*Which &c.*

We have been round and round about twirl'd,  
And through much sad confusions hurl'd,  
And now we are got into the arse of the world:  
*Which &c.*

But 'tis not all this our courage wil quail,  
Or make the brave Seamen to the RUMP strike fail,  
It we can have no head, we wil have no Tail:  
*Which &c.*

Then let a Free-Parliament be turnd trump,  
And nere think any longer the Nation to mump  
With your pocky, perjur'd, damned, old Rump:  
*Which &c.*

But what doth Rebel Rump make here  
When their proper place (as *Will. Pryn* doth swear)  
Is at the Devils arse in *D. rbyshire*:  
*Which &c.*

Then thither let us send them a tilt,  
For if they stay longer, they wil us beguile  
With a Government that is loose in the Hilt:  
*Which &c.*

You find it set down in *Harringtons* Modde,  
Whose brains a Commonwealth do so coddle,  
That t'as made a Rotation in his noddle:  
*Which &c.*

'Tis a pitiful pass you men of the Sword  
Have brought your selves to, that the Rumps your Lord,  
And *Arsie-Versie*, must be the word,  
*Which, &c.*

Our powder and shot you did freely spend,  
That the Head you might from the Body rend,  
And now you are at us with the But-end,  
*Which, &c.*

Old *Martin* and *Scot* have still such an itch,  
That they will with the Rump try to'ther twitch;  
And *Lenthal* can grease a fat Sow in the britch:  
*Which, &c.*

Thats a thing that would please the Butchers and Cooks,  
To see this stinking Rump quite off the hooks,  
And Jack-Daw go to pot with the Rooks.  
*Which, &c.*

This forward Sir *John* (who the Rump did never fail)  
Against *Charles Stuart*, in a Speech did rail;  
But mensay it was without head or tail,  
*Which, &c.*

Just such is the Government wee live under,  
Of a Parliament thrice cut in funder;  
And this hath made us the worlds wonder,  
*Which, &c.*

Old *Noll* when we talkt of *Magna Charta*,  
Did prophecy well we should all smart-a,  
And now wee have found his RUMPS *Magni Fart-a*,  
*Which, &c.*

But I can't think *Menck* (though a Souldier and sloven)  
To be kin to the Fiend, whose feet are cloven,  
Nor will creep i'th Rumps Arse, to bake in their Oven,  
*Which, &c.*

Then since he is coming, e'ne let him come  
From the North to the South, with Sword and Drum,  
To beat up the quarters of this lewd *Bum*;  
*Which, &c.*

And now of this Rump I'lle say no more,  
Nor had I begun, but upon this score,  
There was something behind, which was not before;  
*Which, &c.*

*FINIS, In English, The RUMP.*